

Don Cameron's Methods.

The action of the Pennsylvania Independent Republicans in definitely declining to accept either of the four "compromise" propositions of the Stalwarts settles the question that there will be five political parties contesting the field in the State at the approaching election. It also settles it as a fact that the Cameron-Stalwart forces led by General Beaver, will be defeated, unless wholesale purchase of the Greenback and labor organizations should avert the threatened defeat. That Cameron means to resort to purchase of voters, both by money and the sale of the administration of justice, is evident. Says the Philadelphia Times, speaking of the tactics which Cameron has already inaugurated: "Evidences multiply on every side that the present State contest is to culminate in a general Boss auction shop, to secure the election of the Cameron machine ticket by the direct or indirect purchase of Democratic votes. It is no innovation on the Cameron policy of managing State campaigns. It was first boldly inaugurated in 1872, when the Molly Maguire organization was openly debauched, and when every center of organized industry was tempted or betrayed by corrupt demagogues, who sold their followers for machine cash."

Nor did the demoralization end with pollution of the ballot. It taught the poll, the venal and the vicious that when they entered the political market-place to barter their votes to the bosses, they could secure immunity for crime in addition to the corrupt consideration paid for their votes. The leader of the traitors in the anthracite region, who sat in the parlor of a prominent politician of Potomac, to contract for the delivery of Irish votes to Hartman, received the last instalment of his pay as Governor Hartman's death-warrant sent him to the gallows, and a dozen others paid the penalty of crime on the gibbet who had been encouraged to lawlessness by the reckless and irresponsible assurance of protection against the just judgments of the law.

"What was begun in 1872 was continued in growing political debauchery of a large class of voters in the coal regions, until the long pent up vengeance of the offended law forced even those who had profited by the crime in political promotion to bow to the mandates of the law and punish their own deluded friends. At last the people of the State were compelled to hear from the lips of an eloquent and fearless advocate, when pleading for the majesty of the law in its own temple, the distinct accusation that high officers of State had contracted with crime for political results, and had given the pledge of protection to criminals whose votes were auctioned to unscrupulous leaders. That charge was made circumstantially, and to this day it is unchallenged by those who were thus accused. The final issue was the only logical result that can follow lawlessness. The labor organizations which had been betrayed by corrupt leaders, were broken up; the murderers were executed; lesser criminals were imprisoned; distrusted Judges and other local officers were deposed, and law and right triumphed, as they ever must in the fullness of time. Who is there to-day ready to repeat the blotted and bloody record of the political debauchery inaugurated by the bosses in 1872, and ending in the terrible retribution of 1877-79?"

That Boss Cameron is ready and willing to repeat the huckstering operations of ten years ago is evidenced from the recent developments in the Clearfield coal region, where violators of the law have already been protected by Cameron's political shield against the avenged sword of justice, the consideration for such protection being that the votes of the Knights of Labor organization should be cast for the Stalwart ticket. The trouble with this scheme is that it will be difficult, if not impossible, for either party to this shameful bargain to deliver the promised goods. Cameron's henchmen may protect the Clearfield law-breakers in the preliminary stages of the prosecution, but when they get into the court-room they will find that the scales of justice are in the hands of an independent and fearless judiciary which will brook no sale or denial of justice. Before the Judge the guilty will suffer the penalty of the law. To be sure, Cameron owns the Board of Pardons, but the weapon has already been strained to its utmost tension, and any attempt to save convicted criminals for political purposes at this date will be resented by the great mass of the honest voters of the State and will only hasten Cameron's doom. Nor is it likely that any considerable portion of the vote of the Knights of Labor can be carried over to the Republican Stalwart ticket by promises of pardon to criminals. The great mass of the laborers of Pennsylvania is law-abiding and orderly, and it will not allow itself to be betrayed into the hands of Cameron to serve the ends of a few selfish and designing leaders. The tactics of Cameron at this juncture are interesting, mainly as showing the desperate condition of his affairs, and to what lengths this trusted leader of the Republican party will go to gain his ends. That the result of the campaign will be an overwhelming defeat of the Stalwarts seems beyond any reasonable doubt. —New Haven Register.

A remarkable sand-storm, accompanied by an intensely cold temperature, is mentioned in Icelandic journals as having raged on that island for two weeks during the past spring. The air was filled with dry, fine sand to such a degree that it was impossible to see for more than a short distance at a time. The sand was rarely visible, though the sky was clear of clouds. Nobody ventured out of his house except upon matters of most urgent necessity, and many who were exposed to the storm were frozen. The sand penetrated into the houses through the minutest crevices. It was found mixed with articles of food and drink, and every breath drew it into the lungs. Thousands of sheep and horses died. —N. Y. Sun.

Should the next child born of the King and Queen of Spain be a boy, he will bear the name of Alfonso or Ferdinand, or both. If a girl, she will be named Maria-Theresa, after the famous Empress, who was the great-grandmother of Queen Marie, and the great-grand-great-grandmother of King Alfonso. The royal pair are, by the way, also both descended from Louis XIV. of France.

A Loathsome Tyranny.

Had the Republican party, headed by the President of the United States, deliberately set at work to plant throughout the State of Virginia—that Commonwealth of glorious history and traditions—the germs of small-pox or yellow fever, it would have received, as it would have deserved, the execration of every Christian people. And yet, had the Republican party done that very thing, the cruelty of the act would hardly have been greater than it was when it systematically set at work to deliver the Old Dominion, bound hand and foot, into the clutches of the repudiator and political freebooter, Mahone. The decent portion of the people of Virginia claim, and with a show of reason, that we are not prepared to guinea; that no other State in the Union is cursed with such a loathsome species of boss tyranny as they are. That appears to be true. There are bosses in plenty in other States, but there are none more sly or cunning than Mahone, none more desperately unscrupulous, and none, who in the past two years have had the assistance of the National Republican party with its influence and its money, to the same extent, as this dirty social pirate. There does not seem to be a single redeeming feature in his character, as measured by his acts. He is as subtle as the fox, as selfish as the hog, and as vile as the jackal. Turn a State over to such a man, and God help the people! Hardly a day passes when he does not give some new proof, not only of his ill-gotten power, but of the detestable methods and motives which help to defile his use of it. He has no use for men of character, or men of ability. From his relations to the Republican party and the Administration, he is almost absolute in the distribution of patronage, and he is filling up the list of appointments for Federal ratification with the most abandoned political tools to be found in the whole breadth of the Commonwealth. He is taking men from the gutter to displace men of ability and good reputations, in the most offices and other positions of responsibility, and profit. Like Arabi Bey, he is calling around his standard elements that he can keep and make effective by opportunities for loot and lust. He is without the instincts of a civilized being, for he has passions and an ambition that civilization never elevates or changes, unless to intensify their base quality. But it may be asked, will not the people rise in their might and destroy this moral monster? Undoubtedly they will, but it will take time. They could have taken care of their State from the beginning had Mahone been obliged to carry forward his plans unaided, but he had all the resources that he needed ready at his hand, placed there by a Republican President, and if a load of deep political damnation does not await him and his party for that treachery to a great State, then is justice paralyzed as well as blind. —Washington Post.

Farcical and Diaphanous.

The Cabinet meeting to decide the official status of Jay Hubbell et al., and their right to levy assessments upon Federal employees, was farcical and diaphanous enough to satisfy the most intense admirer of diplomatic quackery, but we have given it credit for discussing a question submitted by a real person, even though it had especially engaged that person for one appearance only to assume the role of John Doe or Richard Roe. But it appears that in the grand army of over 100,000 officers and employees there was not one who would volunteer to make himself supremely ridiculous by submitting a question that common sense and common discretion might have settled to his individual satisfaction, at least; and, according to the New York Times, "A. Thomas, chief of a division," is a myopic legal fiction. This is indeed humiliating now that it is found out. It intensifies the triviality of this whole business. It places those who are party to it on a moral plane with the class of men whom Mr. Pickwick found at the entrance to the Fleet, anxious, for a shilling, to go his bail to any amount. It adds to the situation an element of contemptibleness which it did not have before. But it is not wholly upon the grounds stated that this old and cheap device deserves the condemnation of every man who believes honesty is the best policy, and who regards official dignity as an official virtue. It is a positive insult to the Thomas family, which is far-reaching in its branches, and of exceptional respectability and talent. We are sure that that other A. Thomas who has elevated the thoughts and stirred the emotions of millions would disown his name-sake, and Theodore, another representative of the musical strain, could hardly do less. Then look at all the warriors and statesmen upon whom it reflects. There were our Generals of that name whose memories are and ever will be fragrant. There was Robert B. Thomas, the prophet. There was Doubting Thomas, who, although too much of a positivist to rise to the level of a great but rare occasion, was nevertheless a good fellow and a well-meaning man. We might extend the list to a great length and find illustrious representatives of it in almost every generation of mankind. Even John Thomas is a useful person in his way. To attach to that name then the stigma of being such a gaudy, cream-tinted, 24-carat ass as the "A. Thomas" of the Comptroller's office would have been to submit the question credited to him, is wanton insult and cruelty. Why not have taken a name that such nonsense could not hurt. Why not have said that the late Charles Jules Guitau had made a last request on the scaffold that for the benefit of the country the which he was a fond, the Administration should pass upon the legality of this method of raising the wind? It wouldn't have increased the absurdity of the whole business an atom. —Boston Statesman.

—And now abideth these three: "Butter, Oeomargerine and Olive Butter." It is made from cotton-seed oil and "one pound of it will go twice as far as a like quantity of lard or butter." Next! —Chicago Herald.

—Eleven school-boys in Genesee, N. Y., walked to Niagara Falls August 4, 1832, and agreed to meet there again, if living, in fifty years. Recently seven of them kept the promise, coming with their wives and children. —N. Y. Post.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—No clergyman is eligible to a seat in the British House of Commons. —It is proposed to build an underground railroad in Paris. The cost of its construction is put at \$30,000,000. —The recent dinner given by the city of London to the Prince of Wales cost \$153,800. The saying that "money makes the mayor go" seems to have been twisted about here.

—Two hundred refugees were saved during the bombardment of Alexandria in the Catholic chapel by the ingenuity of the Arab doorkeeper, who told the soldiers that the place was empty, and there was nothing to steal or he would have taken it himself.

—Japan is promised a constitutional form of government at the end of eight years. By way of preparation for that event, the Japanese Minister at Berlin has been instructed to make a careful study of the Prussian system of government, which is likely to be the one chosen as a model.

—The guests at Baroness Burdett-Coutts' first garden party were treated to a sight of the smallest pony in the world—Lady Jumbo. The tiny creature, which looks like a thoroughbred race-horse seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass, stands thirteen inches high and is five years old.

—Another of the Duke of Argyll's numerous brood of daughters was married lately, the bridegroom being Mr. Glyn, Vicar of Kensington, where the Duke lives when in London. Only one of his daughters has made a great match—Lady Percy, whose husband will be Duke of Northumberland.

—Field Marshal Sir William Gomm, who died three years ago, and whose journals have lately been published, was gazetted an ensign at ten, and at fourteen had his "baptism of fire" with his regiment in Holland in a bloody engagement, lasting thirteen hours, when half Gomm's battalion was lost. The boy slept after it for thirty-one hours. He lived to past ninety.

—In Germany, where there are no restrictions upon the sale of intoxicating beverages on the Sabbath day, thirty-two per cent. of murders and crimes of violence are committed on Sundays, and fifty-eight per cent. on Saturday and Sunday, the idle days of the workingman.

—In Scotland the Forbes Mackenzie act has been followed by a considerable diminution in those offenses. —More than one thousand deaths are reported as having resulted last year from accidents in mines in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The average of such deaths during the last eight years is one to every 464 employed. Fall of rock from the roofs, but more particularly from the sides of workings, continues to be the most fruitful source of these disasters; and there seems good reason to believe that a large proportion might be prevented by a sufficient provision of timber supports.

—A young male African elephant now occupies the stall in the elephant-house lately vacated by the much-lamented "Jumbo." "Jingo" is the name which this recent addition to the Zoological Society's collection bears. He is young in years and small in stature, being only four feet and two inches in height and weighing about 700 pounds. As he is without blemish or defect of any kind, and perfectly tame and gentle, it is unlikely that he may soon enjoy the popularity of his predecessor. "Jingo" was captured by Arabs in Upper Nubia about eighteen months ago, and is believed to be about three or four years of age.

Letters of Introduction.

People who write letters of introduction should be careful how they word them. A merchant of this city, who knows more about invoices than elegant diction, was asked by a wealthy resident to give him a letter of introduction to a capitalist stopping over in the city and with whom the merchant was acquainted. When the missive was ready the gentleman took it, and instead of sending it up to the stranger and waiting till he was requested to see him, he delivered it himself, following on the heels of the servant who ushered him in. He is a very plain-looking man, and his dress is always a semi-respectable business suit, and as he unobtrusively handed the letter to the stranger, who was reclining at his ease, he waited anxiously to open the business about which he had called.

But the letter began with the usual formula, "The bearer of this," and the capitalist read that far, folded it up, returned it, and said, impatiently: "My good man, I can really do nothing for you; no doubt it is the old story—large family—been unfortunate, etc.; but you must excuse me from giving you anything to-day, you really must!"

Explanations ensued, and the two chagrined men had a good laugh over the affair, and the capitalist ordered liquid to the waiter, which cost much more than the charity would have been which he didn't propose to bestow on the unfortunate stranger.

A more annoying mistake occurred to a young man, the nephew of a well-known New York official, who went to a town in the interior of the State to take a vacation in fishing and hunting. Previous to his departure his uncle remembered that the clergyman of the place was an old college friend, and he gave the young man a line of introduction, which he dutifully took, but did not intend to present. The clergyman, however, had a very pretty daughter, and the young man bethought him of his letter and armed with it made a raid on the parsonage where the pretty daughter entertained him charmingly in the parlor, while the servant took the letter to the father. In a few moments word was sent down that the reverend gentleman excused himself from receiving his visitor. The daughter presumed there was a mistake, and hastened to her father, only to be informed that his resolution was inflexible—he had laid the letter away—and he would give no further explanation, but the young man must be peremptorily dismissed, and the mortification of the visitor at this unexpected rebuff may be imagined. He wrote at once to his uncle, but as he was absent from home for a week did not get an answer. He occasionally met the young lady, but received only a cool bow, and at last the uncle's letter

came. He was highly indignant at the slight put on his nephew, and demanded of his old friend the reason. The bewildered theologian read the letter sent for the young man, apologized, and said: "I suppose it was a joke of your uncle's, but I must say it was in extremely bad taste, and—I took it literally here is his first note," and he read slowly through his glasses these words:

Dear Old Friend,
This letter will introduce my nephew. He is a tramp. Treat him as one! etc.

Yours, etc.

But the daughter reached out and took the paper. "Let me read it; there must be some mistake; your eyes are not good, papa," and she read as follows:

Dear Old Friend,
This letter will introduce my nephew. He is a tramp. Treat him as one! etc.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, laughing merrily, "why don't people write more plainly, and how was I to know the difference?"

But the young lady evidently did.—Detroit Post and Tribune.

The Age of High Pressure.

It has become almost a truism to say that every age has its distinguishing feature, which gives to it an individuality as unmistakable as that which differentiates the several members of the same family; and it needs but little examination to discover that the distinguishing feature of the present age is "high pressure." Physical science has taught mankind the conversation and utilization of the forces of nature, and recent experiment has shown that "high pressure" is the means by which the greatest amount of force may be extracted from a ton of coals. Humanity is fond of analogy, and is ever ready to transfer its reasoning from the physical to the psychic world.

Moreover, the advance of physical science, and the application thereof to the appliances of life, must in time necessitate a corresponding movement in the world of action. As the locomotive or steam vessel increases in speed, so must human beings move more rapidly in thought and action. The humblest servant upon a line of railway is affected in his movements by every mile of increased speed of the trains running over that line. The lowest clerk in an office is affected materially by each increase of postal deliveries, by every decrease in the rates for telegrams, by every advance to the foreign and colonial mail services. It is quite true that we do not spend so many hours in our offices as did our grandfathers—but we do more in the shorter hours than they did, and we know nothing of the intervals of quietude which they enjoyed during the business day. Every man must work at the top of his speed, and by the time his day's work is over he finds his powers are exhausted, and he has scarcely energy left to seek the means of recreation which lie around him. Our business and professional friends are constantly urging as an excuse for failures in the exercise of social virtues the plea that they are too weary to undertake that exercise save at widely extended intervals, and the weary business man asks for nothing when his day's labors are ended save "to be let alone." Such a state of things can not fail to tell seriously upon the character and genius of a people.

Leisure is a thing unknown to the bulk of men, or is regarded as some far distant haven which he scarcely hopes to reach in future years. And to the few fortunate ones who do reach it, it too frequently comes when all capacity for its enjoyment is gone, worn out by the weary struggles and stress of the voyage. The principals of our commercial houses are already beginning to see the result of this high pressure upon their employees. There is a lack of springiness or elasticity about them, and a nervous hurriedness in their work, which frequently defeats their efforts. With a growing average intelligence, and a general spread of knowledge, there is also an increasing lack of business "genius." It is more than ever easy to get a hundred men of ordinary ability, and more difficult to get one man of originality and keen insight. Men or more mechanical and less spontaneous than they were. Specialists may be obtained for all departments, but men of "all round minds," capable of taking wide views, are few and far between. —London Globe.

A Potato-Bug Story.

At the head of the cove is Somesville, named from some one of the Somes family who settled here in 1760. Since the time of Abraham Somes Mount Desert has passed through some wonderful transitions, and to-day is an island of cottages, a resort of fashion; many of the residences being as expensive as those of Newport, and appearing everywhere in the most unexpected nooks and corners. Indeed, New York and Boston may be said to have dispossessed the original settlers, at least during a portion of the year. The permanent population of the island are farmers or fishermen or both, whose daughters earn from a dollar a day picking blue and other berries for the "city company." Fresh cod can be had for the catching or bought for a cent and a quarter per pound. Every rock affords its fine fishing, and as wood can be had for the cutting, we premise that the natives live in comparative ease, their one bane being the potato-bug. "The State ought to pass a law obliging every one to use this 'ere stuff," said an old farmer, as he was walking up and down dressing his plants, "and then we might stan' a chance; but it's a hard fight. The bugs come generally from the water, and I've passed winnows of 'em three feet thick, ten miles out, and all alive, a swimmin' for shore." —Mount Desert (Me.) Cor. N. Y. Post.

—The congregation of about 900 persons, in St. Peter's Catholic Church, Troy, N. Y., were startled during the services on a recent Sunday morning by the crashing of one of the 800-pound clock-weights through the ceiling into the vestibule. The people, especially many of the women and children, were terror-stricken and made a wild rush for the doors and the windows, but were finally quieted by Father Ludden before any serious injuries had been received.

Our Young Folks.

TEASING TROTTY.

A TRUE LITTLE STORY.
Trotty sits in the doorway
Sunning his bare, brown feet—
Teasing his patient mamma
For something to do—or not.
For Trotty is always frothing
For this thing, or else for that.
Once he howled for the shiny moon,
And once for a sky-blue cat.

One day he teased his mamma,
Until she had weary grown,
For a brown mustache like papa's
To wear for his very own.
And never a word of reason
Would he give her a bit of good;
Over the room his playthings dived,
And have a mustache he would.

With a gentle hint to papa,
One soon appeared to view,
And they stuck it on while Trotty slept,
With a little of Squallid's glue.
When Trotty awoke in the gloom,
He was pleased as he could be;
He strutted before the looking-glass,
Laughing aloud in glee.

Away he ran to the neighbors,
Two hurried to think of clothes;
Just in his long white night-gown,
To show his mustache he goes.
Then one of the corners loosened,
And his poor little nose—'t was bleed,
And he had to go to the table
With a bump on his curly head.

And alas! while eating breakfast
The cream to the hair would stick,
Milk and mustache together.
Oh my, but it made him sick.
Then one of the corners loosened,
And his poor little nose—'t was bleed,
And he had to go to the table
With a bump on his curly head.

Dear-dear, such an awful pulling
It made his baby face so red,
No matter how much poor Trotty
Kept pushing it back in place.
Ever slipping and falling
Over his lips again,
I wonder not at his sudden squall
Of utter disgust and pain.

Asheemed—in the window curtains
To hide he made a dash,
When a dreadful boy in passing,
Cried out: "Hello! mustache!"
Then Trotty could bear no longer,
But said: "Dear mamma, please,
If you will take this off of me,
I never again will tease."

Perhaps you can guess the finish,
And the way such stories end,
When bad little boys are sorry,
And try to their sweetest friend.
But should he forget his promise,
As he may be apt to do,
I think he'll run for the brown mustache
Bottle of Squallid's glue.

—Mrs. Julia M. Dana, in Youth's Companion.

THE "FIRST" GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

How many of the young people have ever heard the story of that simple-hearted, brave soldier of Napoleon's Empire, so long known as the "First Grenadier of France?"

Born in the provinces, La Tour d'Auvergne received a thorough military schooling, and entered the army when quite young. Throughout a career of nearly two score years he served with fidelity and distinction, yet always refused the promotion which was constantly offered him, preferring, as he said, the familiar duties of the Grenadier to even the glories of a Marshal. His wishes were, in a measure, respected. He held always the rank of Captain, though eventually his command equaled in numbers almost ten regiments.

After his death, which occurred in action, there was instituted in the regiment with which he had been connected, and by the express directions of Bonaparte himself, a most touching tribute to his faithful service. His name had never been stricken from the roll, and at its call, upon the daily parade, the oldest veteran present would step forward, and saluting, answer: "Died on the field of battle."

The details of his history show that his life was well worthy the honors thus paid to his memory, and many incidents are told of him which illustrate his unselfish devotion to the profession he loved so well.

Upon one occasion, being on furlough, he paid a visit to an old friend in a section of the country as yet remote from actual war. While there, he learned that a detachment of several hundred Austrians, having in view the prevention of a certain important movement of the French, was on the march to a spot where this purpose could be easily accomplished. To reach this they must pass through a narrow defile, guarded by an old stone-tower, which was garrisoned by perhaps half a company of French soldiers. To warn these of their danger in time to prepare for defense was the aim of our hero, and putting up a slender store of provisions, he started off.

To his dismay he found on arriving at the tower that his comrades had been only too well warned already, and had fled, even leaving their muskets and a goodly supply of ammunition behind them. He knew that if the Austrians could be held in check long enough to allow the completion of the French maneuver, by that time tower and pass would be of little use to either side. He determined, single-handed, to make the fight against a regiment. There were many conditions which favored the successful carrying out of this brave resolve. The tower could be approached only through a narrow ravine, in which but two or three men could walk abreast, and as he was abundantly supplied with arms, the Grenadier did not despair of at least partial success. He carried the doors, carefully loaded all the muskets, which he placed in convenient positions for instant handling, made a good meal off the food he had brought with him, and then sat down to await the enemy. He was unmolested until near dawn, when unusual sounds without announced the Austrians' approach. They halted at the mouth of the defile, and almost immediately an officer, bearing a flag of truce, appeared with a demand for surrender.

D'Auvergne answered the call, replying that "the garrison would defend itself to the last," and the messenger, little suspecting that the entire garrison was comprised in the person of the single soldier who stood before him, retired. A small cannon was shortly after brought to bear upon the tower; but our Grenadier made such good use of his weapons that half a dozen of the Austrians lay wounded upon the ground before they could fire a single shot. Finding this mode of attack ineffectual, an assault was ordered; but, as the head of the column came within range of the tower, so deadly a fire was poured upon it that it was ordered back amid great confusion.

Two further attacks were made, with like results, and when night fell the solitary Grenadier was still in possession of his stronghold, and unhurt, while near-

ly fifty of the enemy were either killed or wounded.

Sunset brought a second summons to yield, with an intimation that, if refused, a regular siege would be entered upon, and kept up until hunger should compel submission. Deeming the twenty-four hours which had elapsed sufficient time for the accomplishment of the French move, D'Auvergne returned answer that the garrison would surrender the following morning if allowed safe conduct to the French lines, and permission to retain its arms. These terms, after a little parley, were acceded to.

At daybreak on the morrow, accordingly, the enemy were drawn up to receive the vanquished garrison. The door of the tower opened, and a soiled and scarred veteran, literally staggering under the weight of as many muskets as he could carry, walked slowly between the ranks, and, depositing his load at the feet of the Colonel, saluted. To the surprise of the latter, no one followed.

"But where is the garrison, Grenadier?" asked he.

"Sir, I am the garrison," replied the soldier.

For a moment astonishment held the Austrian dumb; then ordering his command to present arms, and raising his cap: "Grenadier, I salute you," said he: "so brave a deed is without parallel."

The desired escort was provided, and with it was sent a dispatch relating the whole affair.

When the circumstances became known to the Emperor, the offer of promotion was renewed, and Roger declined. His mother remained to the day of his death simply the "First Grenadier of France." —Harper's Young People.

A Rose That Will Grow Forever.

Roger Daland was sick. He was just sick enough to be cross. His picture-books fell off the bed. His playthings hid under the bed-clothes, and Roger cried. His mother read aloud to him, but he did not like the story. Then she told him a true story about the "Mission for the Sick."

"Kind ladies met in a hall," she said, "and took with them fruit, flowers and good things for sick men, women and dear little children."

Roger was pleased. He thought about the mission some time; then he said: "I wish I could send my rose-bush in the little red pot."

"You can if you wish," said his mother, "and I will write a note for you."

Roger's eyes grew bright. His mother wrote: "Roger Daland sends this rose to some sick child."

Then it was sent away in a nice basket. Three days after the postman brought Roger a note; it said: "DEAR LITTLE BOY—I am lame. I can never walk. My mother goes out washing. I am alone all day. I used to cry. I never cry since the rose came. I sit in my chair and watch it. I thank you, and my mother does, too. I learned to write before I fell down on the ground. My mother cannot write, but she says she will ask God to bless you. She can work better for the rose than me. She used to cry, too, when I was alone."

"The rose will grow forever," she says. I hope it will not die. "My mother says if it does die in the pretty pot, the goodness will keep growing. I shall not let it die. Your friend, MARY BRENNAN."

When Roger's mother finished reading the note her little boy looked very happy. After that he sent little Mary some of his toys. He is well now; but he never forgets the Mission for the Sick. —Our Little Ones.

Failure of the English Crops.

There has not been a really good harvest in this country for seven or perhaps eight years, nor is it possible to ignore the fact that the gravest apprehensions prevail lest "the fruits of the earth in due season" should be denied to us once more during the present year. An extraordinarily mild winter, followed by a spring so early and warm that the month of April seemed to have taken the place ordinarily filled by June, or even by July, encouraged hopes as widespread as they were welcome that an end was about to be put to the long and trying agony through which our farmers have struggled as best they might, except in those cases where the pressure upon their powers of resistance was more than they could bear. Before April had come to a close, however, it was feared that the cheerfulness which reigned in agricultural circles was, to say the least, premature.

During the last hours of the fourth month a cold blight, charged in many places with saline particles, overspread the whole of England, and especially the southern counties, withering the foliage and temporarily drying up every green thing in the land. An ungenial May supervened, and it was followed by a dripping June. The wheat was shriveled in the ear; the grass clearly gave tokens that it lacked warmth; the fruit and hop crops promised to be entire failures; the roots were choked with weeds, which no amount of hoeing and clearing could extirpate, as sun was wanting to dry them up when the hoe had done its work; and the potatoes in many places, and especially in storm-tossed Ireland, were threatened with rot. Next came a hay harvest so interrupted by perpetual showers and cold nights that even now it is far from having been gathered in, nor could that portion of it which was brought to stack be regarded as in anything like a satisfactory condition. Often before during this century have there been three or four bad harvests in succession, but no such unbroken series of unfavorable seasons has been known as that prevailing in this country since 1876. If for the seventh successive year the agriculturists are again doomed to see their labors wasted and their natural expectation disappointed, we know not where the words of comfort and encouragement are to be found. We fear that, even under the most favorable circumstances, the harvest of 1882 will fall below a good average. —London Telegraph.

—From the Rev. Mr. Jackson's sermon on faith, in Boston: "Oh I've got great faith in de Lord," he cried. "Ed de Lord was to say, Jackson, go butt yer head agin dat tree, I've got faith to b'leve dat de tree 'ud be removed afore I got dere."

—An Iowa girl told to a young gentleman: "Pa has 170 horses, and only one me."